

## Scorched Earth

by Grey Bard

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Summary: A nasty vindictive story in the Batman Beyond universe from the point of view of a character in a nasty vindictive little mood. Try it, it's a lot of fun in an odd way.

## Scorched Earth

Title: Scorched Earth  
>Author: Grey Bard<br>Email: fitzrose@email.msn.com  
>Part: 11  
>Rating: PG-13 (sheer nastiness and implied.... things)<br>\*\*\*\*  
  
><br>Summary: A nasty vindictive story from the point of view of a character in a nasty vindictive little mood. Take it as you will.  
  
><br>Disclaimer: All the characters are owned by DC Comics and Time/Warner;  
>this is an original story that does not intend to infringe on their<br>copyright. That bit of disclaimer is not original but belongs to the  
>fabulous Syl Francis. Thanks, Syl. For everything.<br><br>>Copyright 2000<br>>\*\*\*\*<br>>Dedication:  
><br>\*\*\*\*  
><br> "Gotta go, Dana." Terry says again. Bruce Wayne. I hate that nasty old man. He isn't just stealing Terry's time, he's stealing Terry from me. Terry used to be fast and fun and a little dangerous, but now he's just gone. Even when he's here. He'll be so soft and loving that I want to hit him or else he'll just kiss me for no reason at all, hard, like he thinks he's going to die and then leave without a word. It's like he's always looking at something just over my shoulder and I'm some kind of ghost. I'm not part of his life! It's like I'm some vid program that he turns on whenever he wants to relax. Well I'm not! I know he's in there somewhere, I can see him wake up every time Mr. Wayne calls him. Or when his mother and awful little brother want his attention and suddenly he's all there. He even wakes up when he's talking to Max. I want him with me, d\*mmmit!

><br> Max, why Max? If I didn't know better, I'd think he was cheating on me. Half the time when they're talking it's like they're speaking some other language where little words like 'phone call' mean 'fate of the world' or something. I don't know why Dad doesn't like him, half the time they sound alike. All big and protective and don't-do-that-you'll-hurt-yourself. I hate it. He's off in some world of computers and dark mansions and responsibility and scary old men and it's taking him over bit by bit. That old man knows it, him and his leering black muscle dog. The times I've met him he's smiled thinly and looked at me like he knew what was happening and was glad. I swear that dog was laughing.

><br> I won't do it. I won't give in to my father and Max and Mr. Wayne and the dog and the phone and his family. I will not lose. Someday I'm going to get Terry McGinnis all to myself and they can all go hang. Just because I can. No matter what it takes.

End  
file.